"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE COTTAGE BUILT AGAINST THE CATHEDRAL.

"CHRONICLES OF THE SCHONBERGCOTTA FAMILY."

CLOSE under the walls of the cathedral, nestling against one of its buttresses, leant the cottage in which the little crippled Marie lived.

Time and weather had stained and shaped the rude timbers of which it was built, and tender mosses had woven their fine tapestries over its roof, so that it seemed as little out of harmony with the stately building which looked down on it and sheltered it as the mosses and lichens on its own stones.

For all the grandeur of the cathedral being the grandeur of a house of God, only made it, like the everlasting hills themselves, the hills of God, so much the more the shelter and refuge of the smallest of His creatures.

Moreover the cathedral, for the very reason that it was a house of God, being also a home and refuge for men, having also been designed, arch by arch, by loving human thought, and raised, stone by stone, by lowly human hands, had necessarily a two-folded kindred—allying it, on the one side, with the great temple of the Creator's own building, vaulted with its infinite depths of starry worlds; and on the other side with the lowliest dwelling in which human creatures toil and suffer. Indeed, its kindred with the cottage was closer than with the stars, because he who was adored in it became, for our sakes, himself the greatest sufferer, and himself lived in a very lonely cottage once for thirty years.

All this little Marie felt as she lay hour by hour alone on her pallet; felt, not thought, for the roots of true thought in after-life lie deep in the feelings of the child's heart, which the child cannot utter even to itself, and which some lips indeed are never opened in this life to utter to any one; a silence not of much moment, since this is the world for learning rather than for uttering, and many of our most eloquent utterances here would seem but as babes' lispings there, while many lips which have but lisping or stammering speech here will be opened in very glorious singing there.

For reverence and love are the highest religious lessons of childhood; and indeed of all this life, which is but a childhood; a reverent uplooking sense of love and power unbounded, above, yet very near us, such as happy children learn from a holy mother's looks and tones; and little motherless Marie, in some measure, from the cathedral, interpreting to her, with its music and its beauty, the Our Father and the Apostles' Creed which she had learned from her dying mother's lips, when too little to understand anything but the sounds.

Marie was very much alone. Her father was a water-carrier, and was bearing water all day to the thirsty people in the hot streets of the city, or taking it to their homes. He had to leave quite early to draw the water fresh from the spring in the cool of the morning. And one of Marie's two great wishes was that one day she might go with him to the fountain, and drink the water fresh from the spring. Every morning he used to place all the things he thought his little girl would need within her reach; a little white wheaten loaf, a cup of milk, a jug of water, and, when he had had a prosperous day, some fresh fruit.

Marie thought her father's calling a very high and beautiful one, although she knew it was not considered glorious in the city, nor one that would make his name known and honoured. But that she thought little of, for her father had often told her no one

in the city knew the name of the architect of the cathedral; and if his name had faded away from the memories of men who counted his work the chief glory of their city, it was plain, Marie thought, that the records of the city must be very imperfect and very little worth caring about, and that, probably, there were better records kept somewhere else on quite a different plan.

Water carrying, besides not being a glorious calling in that city, was not a lucrative one; so that, in order to eke out the daily bread, Mary had learned to plait straw for fruit baskets. Agatha, the old woman who sold fruit by the cathedral porch, bought them of her; and in return did, not without many grumblings, all the little household work Marie would have done with such deft fingers and such a glad heart, had she been able.

Sometimes, moreover, especially on a rainy day, Mark, Agatha's little orphan grandson, would spend his play-hours with Marie, and she would mend his poor ragged clothes as well as she could, and make him wonderful little toy-baskets of straw lined with orange-peel, and balls of rags; and in return he would sing her little songs, and the multiplication-table, and sometimes hymns about paradise and the living fountains, and the temple and the singers there.

This was Marie's visible world; her father and the cottage, Agatha and her fruit-stall, and little Mark; and the cathedral.

To interpret it, she had Our Father and the Apostles' Creed. Or, rather, she had them to interpret each other; his invisible things being understood by the things that are seen, and our visible things by the things that are not seen.

As to how this interpretation went on, I could say more another time. My story now is simply of the cottage and the cathedral.

From the window by which Marie's bed lay she could see Agatha's fruit-stall and the cathedral. By propping herself up she could command the fruit-stall, and see a great deal of the world, though not in its highest circles. By leaning back as far as she could in one corner she could see to the top of the cathedral tower, with its wonderful crown of fretted stone; common stone sculptured by man's heart and hands into a beauty greater than that of any diadem of gems.

Marie liked to think how each stone in that beautiful crown which glowed above her in the sunsets and sunrises, and at night was itself crowned with stars, had been once a common gray stone like the fallen ones which lay on the ground outside, useless and shapeless.

Of these fallen stones Marie did not like to think. She hoped none of them had ever been in that glorious crown. She did not think it anything but a glory for any stone to be made the lowest stone in the uttermost buttress of the cathedral. Indeed, the greatest glory perhaps for any stone was to be a hidden stone; altogether hidden, deep beneath the earth, from human eyes. For such were the very foundation and corner stones themselves, on which, as on the unknown architect, the whole visible glory rested. But to be a fallen stone, chipped, and marred, and useless, and crumbling into dust, when it might have been a resting place for sunbeams, and for birds to sing welcomes to the sunbeams from, was a thought which made Marie very sad, and gave a tremulous depth to her tone when she prayed, "*Lead us not into temptation,*" or tenderly coaxed little Mark not to render railings for his grandmother's railings, or to use the rough words which he learned in the streets.

The painted windows of the cathedral were rather a distress and perplexity to Marie. Sometimes, it was true, the upper panes glittered a little in the noontide sunbeams; but, for the most part, they looked dark and confused. If they had not been painted, she sometimes wistfully thought, she might have caught glimpses of glories inside. But then, of course, they were painted for the people inside, not for those without.

If she could only once creep inside to see and to listen!

That was the great longing of her life.

If only once she could feel the great roof bending over her, and the walls embracing her; if, instead of straining to catch some clear melody which she might sing over in her heart, out of the dim labyrinth of those sweet and solemn sounds which reached her where she lay, if she could only once be among them, hearing the music, knowing the words, making melody in her heart among the worshippers! Marie thought

she could live happy for the rest of her life on the remembrance; on the remembrance and the great hope it would light up.

She did not speak of this longing. She lived, poor little one, with so keen a sense that her life was necessarily a burden on every one around her, partly awakened by Agatha's very unconcealed complainings, and much more by her father's weary looks when he came home at night with his water-jars and his few hard-earned pence and sat down to his scanty meal, that she could never bear by look or word to express a wish for anything that was not absolutely needed or freely offered.

All the more, because she knew so well that the father's love (which was mother's and father's love to her, and so interpreted to her the Our Father) would not hold any burden light, and any sacrifice possible to gain the motherless child a pleasure or an alleviation of suffering.

So the longing lay deep hidden in her heart, but never came from her lips, until, one autumn when she seemed to grow brighter than usual, and a flush came on her pale face sometimes towards evening, one morning her father, looking fondly at her, said :—

"Child! by Christmas who knows but we might have thee singing the Christmas hymns inside the cathedral!"

Then her whole face was lit up as he had never seen it shine before, with the streaming out of the long hidden hope; and drawing his face down to her, she stroked it as she had been wont when a very little child, and kissed him, and said :—

"Oh, father, do you think God will give me the joy of going inside?"

"Why not, darling?" he answered cheerily; "nothing is too good for Him to give; and what was the cathedral built for, but for such as thee to sing His praises inside?"

Yet, even as he spoke, there was something in the light of the wistful eyes, and in the touch of the feeble, feverish hands, that made his accents falter.

Christmas Eve came. All night the snows fell. In the morning the sun shone, but the air was keen and cold, and little Marie knew there was no going inside for her that day. But she thanked God for making the outside so beautiful, just as if the angels of the winds had been all night decorating every ledge and angle and quaint familiar bit of carving, and all the fretwork of the stone crown, with alabaster and crystal, or some heavenly blending of glories impossible in earthly material.

As her father left her for the service, he looked fondly back, and said.—

"At Easter, darling; inside at Easter!"

But there was no ring of hope in his tones, cheerful as he tried to make the words; and when he had left her, and the soft dim music floated in broken cadences to her on her solitary little bed, for once the child felt not merely alone but lonely, and a few hot, rare tears fell through her thin fingers as she pressed them on her face.

But she was not alone. And as she lay quietly weeping, sacred words came into her heart, borne on the sacred music, like the scent of violets on the winds in spring.

"*Thy will be done on earth.*"

She said it, she wept it, she wept it to her Father in heaven. And softly, as from the other side of the choir, came back as from above, the glorious antiphon—

"*As it is in heaven.*"

The sob of submission came back, as it so often does in a song of praise, from the land where the amens are transfigured into the hallelujahs.

"*As it is in heaven.*"

"It will be all Easter there," she thought. "I shall be inside there at last!"

When her father came back, and looked anxiously at his darling as he entered the door, her smile met him like song of victory and welcome.

"At Easter, darling! Inside the cathedral at Easter!"

"Yes, father," she said; "one Easter I shall be inside."

But the hidden fount of joy, from which the smile came, he did not know. She would not tell him, because to him at first she knew it must be a bitter well of tears.

Slowly she faded away.

The cathedral, her great stone poem, her paradise, rose before her, and spoke to her day and night.

But with new readings.

For she had learned that this whole visible world, with its earth and its heavens, its cities and its cathedrals, this whole transitory life, is but as the little timber cot-

tage nestling against the everlasting walls of the temple whose builder and maker is God.

Day by day old Agatha grumbled over her household work, yet day by day more tenderness began to mingle with her complainings.

Day by day little Mark came, attracted irresistibly, he knew not how, by the gentle voice, although the feeble fingers could mend or make for him no more. And unconsciously he unlearned the rough lessons of the streets, and learned a loving reverence from the dying child.

And day by day the father laid the little white loaf, and the milk, and the water-jug by his darling's bed, only showing his anxiety by never missing any day now to bring some little gift of fruit to add to it, were his labour prosperous or not, taking it from his own scanty meal. And little Marie dared not remonstrate or refuse; she knew the memory of those little sacrifices would be so precious.

Beyond this tacit understanding, the two did not confess to each other by word or look that both knew what was at hand.

Only one morning, as he was leaving home, she said to him, in a faint voice, but with a bright smile, "Father, I think God has given you beautiful work to do, to carry water to those who thirst. Is it not just what His only Son, our Lord, is doing always for us? He does not stand at the fountain; he brings the water home, does he not—home to every one of us, to our very hearts?"

Then she added—

"Father, you will come back early. I think our Lord is coming to take me to the fountains of waters. We shall drink together one morning, father, fresh from the spring. I think I am going inside at last."

He did not leave her again.

Days of suffering came.

But before Easter she had exchanged the little cottage for the cathedral. The child had entered in, and was joining in the songs of the Temple, which is the Father's house, wherein are many mansions. And Agatha said—

"We have had a saint with us, a saint of God—and I did not know it!"

But she grew gentler and kinder. The cottage where the gentle child had lived and died had grown as sacred as the cathedral, and a hush of reverence was on it which seemed to make harsh words impossible where she had suffered and entered into rest.

Little Mark said, "My friend is gone." But when he said the "Our Father" she had taught him, he understood a little what a heaven it must be where all the voices were as gentle as Marie's, and all the hearts as true and kind.

The father said nothing, except to God.

"Our Father which art in heaven," he said, "mine and hers; Thou gavest me a saint of Thine to be an angel in my home. I thank Thee I knew it while she was here with me; not first now, that she is inside, at home with Thee."

But a glory came down on his lowly work from her memory, her words, and the sense he had of her immortal life, until he too should be called to the living fountains to hear once more the dear familiar voice, then also at home in the hallelujahs, but sure never to forget the tones of welcome it had on earth for him.

HEATHEN DEITIES FOR SALE.

At the Auction Mart, 191, Bishopsgate-street, London, on July 4th, among other lots put up for sale there were several heathen gods offered, and some of these were Trinities. Lot 91 contained one Hawk, one Egyptian Trinity, &c. Lot 99, five deities and one Trinity. Lot 107, one Trinity, one deity, &c. We draw attention to the fact to show that the doctrine of the Trinity is not a speciality of Christianity, a revelation of the true idea of the godhead to the Christian Church, as some have said, but a gross superstition that has been incorporated into the Christian system from pagan systems of religion; and the sale of those images of the Trinity bears witness that this is so. We very justly think of the teaching of Moses and the prophets as the truth of God, touching the nature, the unity, and spirituality of God, and we find in the pagesof the New Testament and the whole tenor of its instruction the same grand simplicity and moral beauty about the heavenly Father, the *one* true and loving God; no Trinity. We have to go to foreign lands and idol worship to find the source of the present mischievous views of the divine being; the images to which we refer afford incontestible proof that the worship of and belief in a Trinity owe their origin to the superstitious hatched and nourished among the ancient Egyptians.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

By Rev. A. C. Thomas.

I. I object to the doctrine of endless punishment, because it charges the Almighty with the most horrid cruelty. It is in vain to pretend that it is justice which demands the infliction of never ending pain —for names do not alter things. Give to the principle what name you please—it is still a cruel principle, and most awfully cruel.

Suppose a legislature should enact a law against any crime; and declare that the criminal shall be so suspended over a slow fire, so that he shall remain in the most intense agony for the space of a month, and then die. Is there any individual in the community who would sanction this as a just penalty? Would not every one pronounce it a specimen of cruelty without parallel among the most savage and brutal nations?

But what is a month of the most appalling misery inflicted by the barbarity of man compared with an eternity of punishment inflicted by the God of heaven! If the former be the most palpable cruelty, shall the latter be considered an act of justice?

It is nothing to say that God does not inflict endless punishment, but that man brings it on himself, for if endless punishment be the penalty of a violated law, God ordained that penalty, and is, therefore, chargeable with cruelty.

Recur to the preceding illustration. If you saw a criminal suffering for a month over a slow fire, would you say that the man brought it on himself, and that, therefore, the legislature is not in fault? No; you would reason thus—the punishment is cruel, by whomsoever inflicted; and the act of cruelty is properly attributed to the legislature which ordained the penalty.

What, then, should be your conclusion in relation to endless punishment? Are you willing to charge the supreme lawgiver with ordaining an infinitely more cruel penalty against sin than the most wicked body of men ever thought of ordaining against the most heinous crime? Will you endeavour to satisfy yourself by giving the name justice to a principle which your conscience denominates cruelty? Pause, and consider!

II. I object to endless punishment, because, if inflicted, it could not accomplish any conceivable good. There are many things in the providence of God which are mysterious. There are many events the benevolent ends of which we do not clearly see. But in all cases, excepting the supposed one of endless punishment, we can conceive of some good as the result. All temporary evils may be overruled for good; but no conceivable good can be accomplished by the infliction of endless pangs.

It could not prove of any advantage to the Supreme Being. He is infinitely happy in and of himself. His happiness can be neither increased nor diminished.

It could not prove of any advantage to the angels of God; for since "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," the endless woe of millions of sinners could not increase the happiness of the ministering spirits of the Most High.

And for the same reason, it could not be of any advantage to the saints in glory. Punishment here may restrain spectators from sinning—but no such restraint will be necessary among the celestial inhabitants.

It could not prove of any advantage to the sinner as the sufferer—for an eternity of punishment excludes the idea of reformation, and consequently shuts out the prospects of any conceivable good.

Are you willing to charge the infinitely wise and good Creator with doing that which wisdom and goodness never can approve? Let conscience answer. Satisfy your mind. Do not turn away from the inquiry. Can any conceivable good be accomplished by the infliction of endless woe?

Perhaps you will reply that endless punishment will be inflicted in order to justify and glorify God before an assembled universe. Does this reply satisfy your conscience? Do you believe an assembled universe would heartily honour and reverence the Almighty for the infliction of endless punishment, which would be cruel because useless? Do you believe that God could be justified and glorified by doing that which cannot accomplish any conceivable good? Turn the subject as you please—still the whole matter is resolved into this single question. Leave it not, I pray you, until your mind has obtained a satisfactory reply.

III. I object to the doctrine of endless punishment, because it destroys the reason and basis of all spiritual worship. "God is a spirit; and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John iv. 24. To bow the knee, and to lift up the voice, is not worship. The heart must be engaged. The soul must speak, or our worship will be in vain.

The question then occurs, can you worship the Almighty in spirit and in truth if you believe in the unmerciful doctrine of endless punishment? I do not ask whether you can bow down your body before him—nor whether you can repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer—but I ask you, in the fear of God, whether you can heartily adore the Being whom you believe will doom some of mankind to never ending woe? You cannot. I know you cannot.

For let us consider what is implied in a heart-felt adoration of the Deity. It implies a sincere love of His character and attributes a sincere approval of His plans—so that the soul shall say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee," Psalm lxiii. 25. "Thy will be done." But can you sincerely and truly love a God of cruelty? Can you sincerely approve the infliction of endless punishment? I know you cannot. For would you not modify what you call justice in God if you had the power, so that it should not require never ending woe? Would you not so change the purpose of God, if you could, that endless misery should not be among His judgments?

You cannot persuade your conscience that such desires and feelings are not in your heart. You may consider them sinful, perhaps—but they are still in your heart—and while they are there, and while you still believe in endless punishment, you can not worship God in spirit and in truth.

What shall be done? I answer, plainly, when once you discard the unmerciful doctrine referred to, and behold the Almighty in His glorious relation of "Our Father in heaven," you will draw near unto Him in filial confidence and love, and your adoration of His character and ways will be the spontaneous expressions of a heart renewed by the power of His truth.

IV. I object to the doctrine of endless punishment, because it destroys the reason and basis of all Christian morality. And since it is manifest that this can not justly be affirmed of any doctrine of divine authority, we shall utterly refute the notion of never-ending woe if we can justify the objection.

What, then, are the moral precepts of the Gospel? I answer, they are all resolvable into this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And if any one inquires, "Who is my neighbour?" he may be informed by reading the parable of the good Samaritan.

When our blessed Saviour corrected the Pharasaic ideas of moral obligation, he did it thus: "It hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them (only) who love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same? . . . . Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect!

From this testimony we learn the reasons of the Christian rule: we are commanded to love our enemies, because God loves his enemies. Any doctrine, therefore, which teaches that God hates His enemies, or ever will hate them, destroys the basis of the Christian morality.

What shall we say concerning the doctrine of endless woe for the enemies of God? Could anything but the most deeply seated hatred ordain such a penalty of doom as this? And if God thus hates His enemies, no reason can be given why we should love ours. For does He require us to be governed by a principle of love which He will Himself eternally disregard? Shall we be required to be better than our Lawgiver, Judge, and Father?

V. I object to the doctrine of endless punishment, because it denies the proposition that reason is a blessing to man.

We are accustomed to pity the condition of the moping idiot, and to speak of him as a being deprived of the greatest blessing conferred by a benevolent Creator.

But is this a fact? Certainly it is not, if the doctrine of endless misery be true.

For is the idiot in any danger of unending torment? No one will answer in the affirmative. It is universally admitted that man's accountability is predicated of the possession of reason, and of this the idiot is not in possession and therefore he does not incur the hazard of ceaseless punishment.

Reader! does the enjoyment of reason for a life-time compensate for the hazard of an eternity of woe? Suppose the choice were presented, of idiocy for life, and the certainty of never-ending bliss—or reason for life and the mere possibility of an eternity of misery—which wouldst thou choose? Let not thy mind be biassed by the interest of creed or sect. Meet the question with candour, and answer it: which wouldst thou choose? Plainly thou wouldst prefer idiocy: for what is a life of threescore years and ten? It is even as a vapour. Man springeth up as a flower; but the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But eternity! If I believed the doctrine of endless woe, my prayer would constantly be, "Oh Lord, in great mercy withhold the boon of reason from the millions yet unborn, lest they trespass against Thee, and so be ruined for ever! Constitute them idiots, O God, that so at last they may certainly be brought to Zion with songs and everlasting joy!"

THE ANGEL THOUGHT.

My angel thought I tell of,
Clothed in purest white;
Her loving influence she doth yield
Even in the darkest night.

Sorrow her presence owneth,
For sorrow's helpmate she
Without my thought's sweet comforting,
Dark would his lessons be.

Temptation, too, doth call
Upon my angel friend;
Oh! oft in trial's fiercest hour,
Her blessing doth descend.

But most of all in *Pain*
Have I my treasure seen,
Then hath she soothed with loving touch,
And I have calmer been.

My angel! thee I'll cherish
When youth shall fade away;
Thy beauty I shall see again
In God's eternal day!

But thy message sweet I'll leave on earth,
For some poor heart that doth repine;
Listen my angel's speech is this:
"*Our God is all, all Love Divine!*"

WIDOWS' SONS.

Many of the illustrious men whose names blazon the page of history were the sons of women early left widows. Julius Cæsar lost his father at the age of fifteen. This, De Quincey says, was a decided advantage to him, as it "prematurely developed the masculine features of his character, forcing him, while yet a boy under the discipline of civil conflict and the yoke of practical life, without which even his energies would have been insufficient to sustain them." When Napoleon was sixteen his mother became a widow. Left with scanty means for the support and education of her eight children, she devoted all her energies to the rearing of her family, with what marvellous success the whole world knows. The brightest character in the annals of our country, or any other country, was at the age of eleven left fatherless. But his mother was eminently qualified, both by nature and religion, to train her children in ways of highest virtue. She united to a strong mind and sound judgment great simplicity of manners, honesty, energy, and truthfulness, and took unwearied pains to cultivate in her children the same noble qualities. In literature there are few names more brilliant than those of Sir William Jones and Sir James Mackintosh. These were the sons of widows who devoted their lives to the education of their children. An acute observer for fifty years of the rise and growth of prominent men in one of our principal cities was remarking in our hearing the eminent success that the widows of her acquaintance had had in rearing their sons. One reason of it no doubt springs from the nature of things. A fatherless boy, with a noble mother at once to protect and lean upon him, is stimulated by every motive that can appeal to a fine nature. He is urged to supply the place of husband and son, to represent worthily the family dignity, and realise all the aspirations of his fond parent and his own ardent soul. High position and substantial achievement he must win for himself. A conscientious and ambitious mother cannot have stronger incentives to do all that can be done in the formation of noble character than she who feels responsible for the entire education and success of her children.

CHELTENHAM UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

CHELTENHAM UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

THE OLDEST UNITARIAN PLACE OF WORSHIP IN ENGLAND.

THE first planting of Unitarianism at Cheltenham was owing to the exertions of the learned John Biddle, "The Father of English Unitarianism," who was a native of Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucester, and master of the Crypt Free Grammar School at Gloucester, and translator of the Greek Testament. The persons from whose writings the life of this great man is to be gathered were his contemporaries, and his warm religious and political opponents. From them we learn that Biddle was one of the greatest scholars of his day, and that although continually persecuted, he never ceased from disseminating his principles, both in the pulpit and the press. They speak of him as a person of "great holiness of character," and of being able to recite verbatim, either in Greek or Latin, the whole of the New Testament.

Biddle spread his sentiments throughout the county; and having been imprisoned at Gloucester for so doing, he was dismissed, in 1644, from the office of master to the Crypt School. "His disciples," as his biographers styled his converts, "continued to meet him secretly; and at intervals between his various cruel imprisonments he was enabled to visit them, and by his preaching kept alive, consoled, and confirmed their convictions." It is also said that many ministers of the Established Church, and other influential persons in office, privately imbibed his notions, and treasured up the works which he published. If the converts of Biddle then residing in Cheltenham did not at the first erect a structure wherein they might celebrate divine worship according to the dictates of their consciences, it must certainly have been directly afterwards. After Unitarianism had been thus locally preached for eighteen years, its reviver died in prison in London, in the same year (1662) that the notorious Act of Uniformity was passed, which drove 2000 ministers from the Church of England.

The successor to Biddle in his office of schoolmaster was the Rev. John Cooper, who, after holding it for sixteen years, was presented with the perpetual curacy of Cheltenham. Mr. Cooper was one of the number that was ejected in 1662, and directly afterwards he was elected minister of the Unitarian congregation which then existed in this town, which office he diligently discharged for twenty years, until his death, which was in 1682, at the age of sixty-two. In the ministerial office he was succeeded by the Revs. Ralph Taylor, Henry Sturmey, Thomas Macock, and Allen Kear, the latter of whom died prior to the year 1698, and his immediate successors are not known, the last ascertainable minister being the Rev. John Welles, who died about 1789, and with him decayed the first attempt to form a congregation of local Unitarians.

It is a singular coincidence that Unitarian worship was unconsciously recommenced on the very spot where it was originally celebrated, after a lapse of half a century—the ancient Unitarian chapel having stood near the site of the late Mechanics' Institution in Albion-street, and, like all the primitive edifices of the Nonconformists, was hidden from general observation, being approached by a narrow passage from the High-street, called "Meaking's Passage." This building was of great antiquity, furnished with a gallery, the pulpit and sittings ornamented with curious carvings, and capable of containing 150 persons. At the period above referred to, when the first recorded minister of this ancient sanctuary was elected, Cheltenham had just recovered from the evil effects of the civil wars, and, according to Sir Robert Atkins, contained 1500 inhabitants, 200 of whom were freeholders. After this event the place gradually declined to a small village, so much so, that there are yet surviving those who boast that they could in their youth name all the then inhabitants. It was at this epoch that the descendants of the original worshippers, finding their numbers diminished and in pecuniary difficulties on account of their minister, had recourse to a mortgage on their humble temple, which was granted them by one of a similar persuasion residing at Warwick. This was, however, their last effort as a congregation; for, at the death of the minister, the building was consigned to the mortgagee, and closed as a Unitarian chapel. Shortly after this the followers of the zealous John Wesley commenced their itinerant labours in this locality, and rented of the mortgagee this

building, where several individuals successively preached both on the Sunday and during the week, and continued possession until 1813, when the congregation removed to the present chapel in King-street, which was erected for their use. The next renters were the Independents, and the services were conducted by three young candidates for the ministry from Painswick, named Clift, Richardson, and Horlick, the last of whom became minister of an independent chapel in the Forest of Dean. These continued to preach until the erection of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, 1816. The next occupier was that eccentric individual of the Baptist persuasion, long known by the name of "William Bliss," who retained possession until the building became so dilapidated that it was deemed unsafe to be used for any purpose, and was consequently abandoned, and became the common property of all, no person laying claim to it. The desire to improve the town in consequence of its great increase of population and prosperity called for the formation of the present Pittville-street; and power was given under the provisions of the Commissioners' Act to remove many old buildings, and, among the number, this then ruined edifice. Thus, after having been the humble instrument of founding four of our now most flourishing congregations, perished the first temple raised by the Nonconformists of Cheltenham. The zeal, piety, and unexceptionable character of the early pastors of this interesting monument of the labours of our ancestors in behalf of religious freedom, are very clearly declared in a work published in 1698, in the library of the late Rev. B. Mardon, B.A., formerly minister of the Unitarian Baptist congregation, Worship-street, London. It is entitled, "The Grounds and Occasions of the Controversy concerning the Unity of God, the Methods by which it has been Managed, &c. By a divine of the Church of England." The writer, alluding to this locality, remarks:—"The Rev. John Cooper succeeded Mr. Biddle, the master of the Crypt school in Gloucester, afterwards minister of Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, and, after the Act of Uniformity, minister of an Unitarian congregation in that place. We appeal to all who knew him whether he was not a man always composed and grave, but of a most sweet and obliging temper and conversation. He suffered those abuses from intemperate and riotous men, when the nation was running mad they knew not for what, that it broke his health and hastened his end. His daughter, Mary, died about a year and a-half since, a known Unitarian, so that the minister who preached her funeral sermon commended her to his auditors for a pattern of Christian virtues, however erroneous in her judgment. Mr. Cooper was succeeded in his guidance of the Unitarian congregation by the Revs. R. Taylor, H. Sturmy, T. Macock, and A. Kear, all of them very serious and diligent in their way, devout and pious, strictly honest, and charitable, though, however, not so accomplished in human learning. In the original edition of the "Nonconformists' Memorial," in Dr. Calamy's "History of the Ejected Ministers," and in "Baxter's Life and Times," are accounts of Mr. Cooper's ejectment from the living of Cheltenham. His death is thus registered:—"In ye yeare of our Lord God 1682, obit, Rev. John Cooper, minister of yè Unitarian Conventicle of ys place, March ye 18."

Unitarianism was again revived by the settlement of Mr. Furber, one of the Bath Unitarian congregation in the town, in 1832, he having commenced in that year conducting Unitarian religious services in his own dwelling-house. This continued for three years, when the Mechanics' Institution was rented and used as a place for public worship in 1835. In 1837 the congregation removed to the Old Friends' Meeting-house, when stated ministers were elected—the Rev. F. B. Barton, B.A., to 1839; Rev. F. Bishop to 1841; Rev. L. Lewis to 1845; Rev. W. Smith to 1847; Rev. H. Solly to 1851; Rev. John Dendy, B.A., to 1853; Rev. J. Gow, B.A., to 1866, and from that time to the present the Rev. David Griffith.

In 1844 the Unitarian chapel at Bayshill was erected, at a cost of £2000. It is an elegant structure in the Anglo-Norman style, and was designed by H. R. Abraham, Esq., of Torrington-square, London. The open wood roof of the Norman era is displayed in the interior. The first organ was formerly in the Wesleyan Chapel at Gloucester, and was presented to it by a daughter of one of the Chapters of Gloucester Cathedral, whom John Wesley had converted. A burial-ground is

attached. The foundation stone of the present chapel was laid July 13, 1842, and it was opened on Good Friday, 1844, when the services were conducted by the Rev. John Kentish, of Birmingham, and the Rev. G. Armstrong, of Bristol.

We are happy to inform our readers that there is now every prospect that as long as Cheltenham remains it will never be again without a place of Unitarian worship and religious instruction.

TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

"Charley! Charley!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys; and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out! "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this very minute; I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She don't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charley; "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied to; and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played ball on the common. Charles Grey is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is as good as a bond." We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation; and the habit formed then has clung to me through life."—*Child's Delight.*

THE REVERENCE AND AFFECTION OF THE HINDOOS.

Rakhal Chundra Roy.

I am required to give a short account as to how the teachers of religion among the Hindoos acquire the personal affection of their disciples towards them. It is an acknowledged fact that the human mind is the same everywhere, but every one must admit that the tendencies of minds of different nations are different according to their trainings. Hindoo minds are therefore, through their peculiar training, very emotional, softer affection is very predominant. The difference between the Hindoo and the English mind is so great in this respect that it is hard for any Englishman to judge of the emotional nature of the Hindoo minds without actually associating with them. It is true, that according to the doctrines of the holy books of the Hindoo, every disciple should prostrate himself before his teachers and kiss his feet; but the minds of the people are, as it were, naturally so much more reverential to their teachers that they do not wait for such teachings, they are ever ready to show so much reverence, nay the impulse of their affections leads them to do more than what their books teach. Allow me to give an instance of a redundant expression of reverence, if I may say so. The holy books teach that disciples should bow down their heads to the feet of the teachers; but some of the disciples not only do the same, but, as marks of greater reverence, they would drink the foot-washing water of their teachers every day regularly to sanctify their bodies. Foot-washing water means the water with which disciples wash the feet of the teachers, when they first come to the house, as a mark of welcome. To an inexperienced observer the manners of personal respect of the Hindoos to their teachers would remind him of the worship of idols; but such respect is not unfrequently shown as merely a personal regard and affection. The reader will clearly understand the truth of this fact by referring to the past sensation made a short time ago, alluding to the worship of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen by his disciples, the Bramhos. Why was such a rumour spread about—was it without a foundation? No, his disciples pay him such respect as to a foreigner would seem to be worshipping. It is not only Keshub

Chunder Sen who is so much respected, but every teacher of religion of different sects. The minds of the people being naturally very grateful, they cannot help showing their gratitude by all sorts of personal humiliations which their feelings suggest. You will very clearly understand the emotional character of the Hindoo mind, if I state with what reverence, enthusiasm, eagerness, and expression of feelings, they receive their teachings. The people are so emotional that when their teachers speak on a pathetic subject (which they generally do) they begin to shed tears and express their feelings in loud cries. If any Englishman happens to go to the prayer meeting of the enlightened Bramhos and watches their worship, he is sure to hear and see as the preacher touches a devotional subject—the heaving and hard breathing of the devotees, as if some struggle were going on in their mind; the incessant flow of tears from their eyes, which shows their inward feelings of gratitude, love, and repentance, and the motion of their face, which indicates how deeply they are affected by the stirring speech of their teachers. The case is quite different with the ignorant men and women who can scarcely hold control over their feelings of excitement. Sometimes their loud cries drown the voice of the speaker. As such preachers purport to extract money by melting the minds of the people, they get presents of different description when they speak. Those who have no money with them present their wearing garments from their bodies, and others would give what they have for giving. And those who have nothing to give kiss the feet of the speaker, as a mark of reverence and gratitude. I do not think that the mere teachers' instruction can draw forth such affection to them; much is to be attributed to the state of the mind of the people. Such a state of feeling shows the relic of the great idolatrous mind which the people still bear; they having been continually required by the form of worship to humiliate their minds to the different objects of creation, the feeling of humiliation predominates over them. Their form of worship, their fear of punishment in the next world, and their means of salvation, all tend to fire their feelings. It is not only to the teacher of religion that they show so much respect, but even to the pretended monks, who are generally beggars by day and robbers by night. When a monk comes to a house he is received with awe and reverence. In Benares, the chief place for the monks, the people actually worship them with flowers and incense. The idea that monks are the favourites of God prevails in the mind of the idolatrous, and they consequently seek their salvation by reverencing and worshipping them. Any man exhibiting any extraordinary power in the way of jugglery or magic is regarded with unsullied reverence. The chief way of displaying supernatural power is to cure disease by administering medicine, or by uttering secret words, or to affect not to take any food at all, to disregard dress, to pretend to prophesy, and to speak the words to God incessantly. Any man practising such intrigues gains predominant power over the minds of the people. It is not only the Bengalee who are so emotional, but also all the Hindoos and Mahomedans, who form the chief inhabitants of the East. Any one having experience of the eastern form of worship of the teachers will not be surprised to think how Christ, who was the best of all teachers, drew personal affection from his disciples, and how they followed his example at the sacrifice of all comforts of the world, and even at the risk of life. It also explains the passage, "Some who came to him fell down and worshipped him," *i.e.*, did him homage.

DEFAMERS OF THEIR SPECIES.

"But those who give us odious representations of human nature, to only draw their own picture to the life, and all those foul aspersions which they endeavour to cast on mankind in general, will stick at last upon themselves. For when I hear a man declare it as his real opinion, that if it were not for the fear of punishment every one would cheat or betray, or stab or poison, or take any other measures for the advancement of his own interest, though never so much to his neighbour's prejudice, all that he convinces me of is, that he himself would do these things if he could be sure of coming off with impunity; for though he cannot answer for all mankind, yet we may allow him to know his own meaning; and, consequently, when he tells me beforehand that these are his principles, I know how far I am to trust him." To the same purpose Burke somewhere says, "That he that *accuses* all men *convicts* only one."

BROUGHAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.

My grandmother was born in Queen Anne's reign, so that I have conversed with a person who was alive 180 years ago, and who might have heard her relative, Ann Brougham, who lived to the age of 106, speak of events that happened in Queen Elizabeth's time! This is only conjecture; but it is at all events a certain fact that I, now writing in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have heard my grandmother, being at the time I refer to about ninety years of age, relate all the circumstances of the execution of Charles I., as they had been told to her by an eye-witness, who stood opposite to Whitehall and saw the king come out upon the scaffold. I think the story was told to her about the year 1720, and she talked of her informant as having been quite old enough at the time of the execution to have carried away a clear and accurate recollection of all the details. Her own memory was most perfect; nor did the event appear to her to be very remote, for she herself perfectly remembered the attempt of the Pretender in 1715—not that she ever called him by that name, for she was rather a Jacobite, but yet a very High Church Protestant, continually fighting with her neighbour, Mr. Howard, of Corby, a most strict Papist, about transubstantiation, which she called by a very expressive term, when she referred to one of their angry discussions, which Mr. Howard ended by exclaiming, "It's no good your denying it, Mme. Brougham, for I, myself, have crunched the bones," meaning when he took the sacramental wafer. She had a strong feeling for Charles II., and entertained a high regard for her husband's cousin, Father John Huddleston, who attended Charles in his last moments.....I heard also from my grandmother a remarkable story about her husband's funeral. He died at Brougham, in December, 1782. Neither my father nor his brother John were then in Westmoreland. Charles, Duke of Norfolk (father of the Duke who went by the name of the "Jockey of Norfolk," after his ancestor of Bosworth), was then living at Greystoke, in Cumberland, and being a most intimate friend of the family, attended the funeral as representing the chief mourner. In that character his place was at the head of the table at the funeral feast, where he was supported by all the gentlemen of the county. After the dinner the Duke arose and addressed the guests as follows: "Friends and neighbours, before I give you the toast of the day, the memory of the deceased, I ask you to drink to the health of the family physician, Doctor Harrison, the founder of the feast." Many toasts followed. The guests drank long and deeply. The funeral then proceeded on its way to the parish church of Brougham, called Nine Churches, a corruption of St. Ninian, to whom it is dedicated, a distance of three miles, the road winding along the steep banks of the river Eamont. Arrived at the church, the hearse was met by the rector, but the coffin had disappeared. The shock was enough to sober the merry mourners. On searching back, the coffin was discovered in the river, into which it had fallen, pitched down the steep bank, at a place where probably the hearse, driven by the drunken coachman, had lurched against a rock. The oak outer coffin was broken to pieces, but the lead remained intact at the bottom of the river, too heavy to be carried down by the stream. The shock and the scandal produced by all this had the effect not only of sobering everybody, but of putting an end to such disgraceful orgies in the county for the future. The accuracy of my grandmother's story was strongly confirmed by an event which happened many years afterward. In October, 1846, the wall of our vault in the chancel of Nine Churches had given way; on the vault being opened to make the necessary repairs, I myself saw the lead coffin of my grandfather battered and bulged from its tumble down the rocky bank of the river.—Memoirs of Lord Brougham.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

We enjoy liberties and privileges, as Unitarians and dissenters from the Church of England, we do not sufficiently value. The writer of this paper had an opportunity of spending a few hours the other day with a lady who described an extraordinary scene at her own marriage on Sunday, February 4th, 1827, at Marylebone New Church, London. Dr. Sprey, the rector, was the officiating clergyman, and the parties to be married were Unitarian in

their theology, and members of the Free-thinking Christian Church.* They felt, as many had long felt, that the service was a Trinitarian service, and they must be married by it or not be married at all; and so they made up their minds to protest against the doctrine while the rite was being performed. When the minister began to repeat the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the bride and bridegroom solemnly protested against the doctrine of the Trinity, upon which the minister closed the book and proceeded to the vestry, and refused to complete the marriage. The bride, nineteen years of age, and her friends, were left at the altar. The bridegroom and several of his companions in the same faith proceeded to the vestry to compel the minister to proceed. In the mean time the people outside understood there was a difference in the church, and soon a great number of people were the spectators of this unusual scene. A very curious compromise was agreed to, that the ceremony might be gone through. It was this, that when the clergyman had to pronounce them man and wife in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he was to allow them to walk away from the altar about ten paces while he did that part of the business. There is something amusing and yet honourable to both parties in this compromise; they could not hear the words without protesting; and he was willing as soon as he began to say, "I pronounce this man and woman husband and wife," to pause a few seconds that they might retreat, and then he in their absence gets through the Trinity business, and they return, and are man and wife. This was only one of the many protests which ultimately brought about a change in the law; and now Unitarians are married without those trying ordeals, or the sacrifice of principles so many underwent. We may thank our sturdy protesters of fifty years ago for many of the privileges we now enjoy.

* We are requested by Mr. Cobb to correct an error into which we have fallen about the "FREE THINKING CHURCH." He says they are not yet dissolved, but still a few of them occasionally meet, and speak to one another about the goodness of God, and encourage each other to love and good works. He says they still love their principles dearly as a defence against the strife of tongues which rages around.

GEORGE MACDONALD ON MINISTERIAL INSINCERITY.

(A PASSAGE FROM WILFRID CUMBERMEDE).

"WHAT are you doing now, Home?" I asked him.

"I've just taken deacon's orders," he answered. "A friend of my father's has promised me a living. I've been hanging about quite long enough now. A fellow ought to do something for his existence."

I can't think how a strong fellow like you can take to mumbling prayers and reading sermons," said Charley.

"It ain't nice," said Home, "but it's a very respectable profession. There are viscounts in it, and lots of honourables."

"I dare say," returned Charley, with dryness. "But a nerveless creature like me, who can't even hit straight from the shoulder, would be good enough for that. A giant like you, Home!"

"Ah! by the bye, Osborne," said Home, not in love with the prospect, and willing to turn the conversation, "I thought you were a church-calf yourself."

"Honestly, Home, I don't know whether it isn't the biggest of all big humbugs."

"Oh, but — Osborne! — it ain't the thing, you know, to talk like that of a profession adopted by so many great men fit to honour any profession," returned Home, who was not one of the brightest of mortals, and was jealous for the profession just inasmuch as it was destined for his own.

"Either the profession honours the men, or the men dishonour themselves," said Charley. "I believe it claims to have been founded by a man called Jesus Christ, if such a man ever existed except in the fancy of his priesthood."

"Well, really," expostulated Home, looking, I must say, considerably shocked, "I shouldn't have expected that from the son of a clergyman!"

"I couldn't help my father. I wasn't consulted," said Charley, with an uncomfortable grin. "But, at any rate, my father fancies he believes all the story. I fancy I don't."

"Then you're an infidel, Osborne."

"Perhaps. Do you think that so very horrible?"

"Yes, I do. Tom Paine, and all the rest of them, you know!"

"Well, Home, I'll tell you one thing I think worse than an infidel."

"What is that?"

"Taking to the church for a living."

"I don't see that."

"Either the so-called truths it advocates are things to live and die for, or they are the veriest old wives' fables going. Do you know who was the first to do what you are about now?"

"No. I can't say. I'm not well up in church history yet."

"It was Judas."

I am not sure that Charley was right, but that is what he said. I was taking no part in the conversation, but listening eagerly, with a strong suspicion that Charley had been leading Home to this very point.

"A man must live," said Home.

"That's precisely what I take it Judas said; for my part, I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"That a man must live. It would be a far more incontrovertible assertion that a man must die—and a more comfortable one too."

"Upon my word, I don't understand you, Osborne! You make a fellow feel deuced queer with your remarks."

"At all events, you will allow that the first of them—they call them apostles, don't they?—didn't take to preaching the gospel for the sake of a living. What a satire on the whole kit of them that word *living*, so constantly in all their mouths, is! It seems to me that Messrs. Peter, and Paul, and Matthew, and all the rest of them, forsook their livings for a good chance of something rather the contrary."

"Then it was true—what they said about you at Forest's?"

"I don't know what they said," returned Charley; "BUT, BEFORE I WOULD PRETEND TO BELIEVE WHAT I DIDN'T"—

"But I *do* believe it, Osborne."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"Why—everybody does."

"That would be no reason, even if it were a fact, which it is not. You believe it, or rather choose to think you believe it, because you've been told it. Sooner than pretend to teach what I had never learned, and be looked up to as a pattern of godliness, I would 'list in the ranks. There, at least, a man might earn an honest living."

"By Jove! You do make a fellow feel uncomfortable!" repeated Home. "You've got such an uncompromising way of saying things—to use a mild expression!"

"I think it's a sneaking thing to do, and unworthy of a gentleman."

"I don't see what right you've got to bully me in that way," said Home, getting angry.

It was time to interfere.

"Charley is so afraid of being dishonest, Home," I said, "that he is rude. You are rude now, Charley."

"I beg your pardon, Home," exclaimed Charley at once."

"Oh, never mind!" returned Home with gloomy good nature.

"You ought to make allowance, Charley," I pursued. "When a man has been accustomed all his life to hear things spoken of in a certain way, he cannot help having certain notions to start with."

"If I thought as Osborne does," said Home, "I would sooner 'list than go into the Church."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I do not see how any one can take orders, except he not only loves God with all his heart, but receives the story of the New Testament as a revelation of Him, precious beyond utterance. To the man who accepts it so the calling is the noblest in the world."

The others were silent, and the conversation turned away. From whatever cause, Home did not go into the Church, but died fighting in India.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes:
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love,
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

ATHANASIUS called the Arians "Devils, anti-Christs, maniacs, Jews, polytheists, atheists, dogs, wolves, hares, chameleons, hydras, eels, cuttle-fish, gnats, beetles, leeches." The orthodox vocabulary of denunciation is considerably milder in our own day.

MY LORD SILENCED.—Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a tallow chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the priest by saying at the levee that he smelt tallow; to which the other replied: "My lord, I am the son of a tallow chandler, 'tis true, and if your lordship had been the same you would have remained a tallow chandler all the days of your life."—*Observer.*

PRAYER FOR THE MINISTER.—There were, in the old times, ministers who were open to the charge of occasional dulness, and this is the way a good Massachusetts deacon prayed for one of them, in his presence, too: "O! Lord, we thank Thee for the condition of our shepherd, for his great learning, for his mightiness in the Scriptures, for his knowledge of the doctrines; but, Lord, would it be any detriment to Thy cause if he had a little more animation?"—*New National Era.*

SCOLDING.—What does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but it creates infinite mischief. Scolding servants never do their work well. Their tempers are roused, as well as the mistress', and they very often fail in their duties at awkward moments simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them, doubtless; but human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as is possible.

CAUGHT.—On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on the injustice of obliging men to work on a Sunday. The next day, while riding down to Fulton Ferry, he entered into conversation with a car-driver, and asked him if he did not think some plan might be adopted to dispense with the need of running the cars all day Sunday. The driver, in ignorance of the name of his interrogating friend, made a frank reply: "Yes, sir, I think there might. But there's no hope of it so long as they keep that Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn. The cars have to run to accommodate that."

REPLACE THE STONE.—One day General Washington and some of his officers, while staying at Boston, went to visit Chelsea. On their way they stopped to rest and refresh themselves at the seat of Mr. Dexter, a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately elms and green fields. They alighted, and after securing their horses under the trees, went to partake of the good cheer within. As they came out, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked off a stone from the wall which ran before the house. Washington told him he had better replace the stone. "No," answered the officer, "I will leave that for somebody else." Washington then went quietly and put the stone up again, saying, as he did so, "I always make it a rule, in visiting a place, to leave things in as good order as I find them."

GOD'S CHURCH.—It was the maxim of Matthew Henry, that "Wherever we have a house, God should have a church;" and Howard, the philanthropist, announced the same truth when he said, "Wherever I have a home, God shall have an altar."

EPISCOPACY.—Dean Stanley is reported to have said:—"To say that the Episcopate, as it now exists, was founded and instituted as one of the universal and essential parts of Christian religion by our Divine Redeemer, appears to me little short of profanity." This is a strange statement for an Episcopal dignitary to make, but Dean Stanley's Episcopalianism is somewhat singular in most respects.

BE HONEST IN PREACHING.—An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it. Said one, "Go into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman cried out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna! for yer paper's give oout."

PERSECUTION.—In our controversies with Roman Catholics we are apt to assume that Protestantism is, necessarily, tolerant and humane. Hallam says, "At the end of the sixteenth century the simple proposition that men for holding heterodox opinions in religion ought not to be burnt alive, or otherwise put to death, was in itself little else than a sort of heterodoxy." He adds that "the Protestant churches were as far from acknowledging its truth as that of Rome."

A SERIOUS OBJECTION.—Moses Stuart, the great Andover divine, in his day the foremost in biblical learning, and venerated as an authority by his orthodox brethren, had the candour to confess that some of his brethren found it difficult to accept the doctrine of unending woe. He represents such an one as raising this question:—"Can heaven itself be a place of happiness for them, while they are conscious that a husband or a wife, a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, is plunged into a lake of fire from which there is no escape? 'It is impossible,' they own, 'to overcome such sympathies as these.' It would be unnatural and monstrous to suppress them." Think of Moses Stuart putting into form such an objection as this to his own doctrine! He could not himself answer the objection. Can that be any part of the Gospel which gives rise to so terrible a question?

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